



What mother does not wish to be proud of her child? What mother does not want them to be healthy, happy, laughing, loving and able to withstand the ordinary illnesses of childhood?

Any woman may insure the health of her children who will take proper care of her health in a womanly way. The health of her children depends almost entirely upon her general health, and particularly upon the health and strength of the delicate and important organs that bear the burden of maternity. A woman has no right to disregard her own health, comfort, ease and happiness, she certainly has less right to condemn her children to a life of suffering or an early death. That is what she does if she neglects the health of her special womanly organism. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing remedy for all disorders of this description. It strengthens and invigorates the sensitive organs concerned, and is the best preparation for the trials and dangers of maternity. It insures the well being of the mother and the health of the child. Its use is a guarantee of a bountiful supply of nourishment for the little new comer. Many women who once bore children only to sicken and lose them, are now mothers of healthy, robust children as the result of the use of this medicine.

Barbra A. Mudd, of Indian Creek, Mo., writes: "I am very thankful for what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did for me. I was all broken down from nervous prostration, but since taking your medicine I have had more relief than from all the doctors. Your 'Favorite Prescription' did me a world of good."

Many women have told their experiences, and given their names, addresses and photographs in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This book is free. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Favorite Prescription" is for sale by all dealers and no honest man will urge a substitute.

EVERYTHING IS PROMISING.

Dun's Weekly Trade Review Says There Is No Sign of Halting in the Business World.

New York, July 22.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their Weekly Review of Trade, say:

Optimism is always popular, but more than half the time dangerous. Seven years of halting and reaction historically follow three of rapid progress. But the three of progress have not yet passed, and the most cautious search discloses no sign of halting. Foreign anxieties have been real, but they seem to be passing, and Europe has begun paying liberally for more food without expectation that securities can be sent in settlement. The extensive labor strikes have vanished, and the local do not affect national business. Fears of new and powerful corporations lessen as it is found that they are controlled by the same laws which govern the small companies. Above all, the general evidences of prosperity continue convincing. Failures are the smallest ever known for the season, railroad earnings the largest, and solvent payments through clearing houses in July have been 48.6 per cent. larger than last year and 62.3 per cent. larger than in 1902, the best of previous years. Official returns of the most wonderful year in the nation's commerce show a decrease of \$3,939,000 in value of the great staples exported, largely owing to prices, but an increase of about \$9,000,000 in other exports, mostly manufactures. Fear of deficient crops has been buried under western receipts from farm and stock raising. Exports of wheat, Atlantic and Pacific, have been 3,709,108 bushels during the month thus far, against 3,600,000 bushels last year, and of corn 9,008,041 bushels against 8,907,817 bushels last year.

SILVER LEADERS CONFER.

Significant Meeting at Chicago Which May Have Influence on the Future Policy of the Democratic Party.

Chicago, July 22.—While the members of the national democratic committee were enjoying a view of drainage canal yesterday the silver leaders were in conference at the Auditorium annex. Those who participated in the conference said it had no political significance whatever, and that they were at the annex simply as guests of Moreton Frewen, the noted English bimetalist, at a luncheon. It is a fact, however, that both prior to and following the luncheon there were meetings where questions seriously affecting the future relations of the democratic party and the silver people were under consideration. It is said that a plan to organize the silver forces of the country into a distinct party formed the principal theme of discussion. It was not suggested as an immediate necessity, but as a contingency which future events might make not only expedient, but necessary.

WAS HE HELD BACK?

Gen. Anderson Says He Would Have Finished the Filipino Insurrection but for the Conservation of Oils.

Cincinnati, July 21.—Brig. Gen. Anderson, who is in the city, in an interview, said:

"I believe that if we had not been held back, I could have finished the war with my own division and Gen. Lawton, who relieved me, is of the same opinion. The trouble is that we fellows went over there to fight, while there were others who attended to the politics and diplomacy. The only time that Gen. Oils and myself disagreed was on this point. I held that the war should be pushed to completion, while his policy was still that of conciliation."

Modest Women

Modesty in women is no less a charm than beauty and wit. It is any wonder that women afflicted with physical disorders peculiar to their sex shrink from personal examinations by male physicians? The weaknesses and irregularities of women may be recognized by certain unfailing symptoms. Backache, headache, bearing-down pains, irritability and extreme nervousness indicate derangement of the delicate female organism. Bradfield's Female Regulator is the standard remedy for characteristic diseases of women.

Sold by druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

CHAPERONS FOR GIRLS.

Sometimes the Presence of Another Girl is Considered Sufficient—Exceptional Occasions.

There are different kinds of chaperone—chaperonage that is in reality only companionship and chaperonage that is a support and a safeguard. It would seem that out-of-doors girls can get on very well without much chaperonage beyond what they accord to each other by companionship, and that outdoor exercise requires very little further; but when it comes to attending large gatherings, of whatever order they may be, a chaperon is necessary, as giving countenance, support and protection, and in some one to arrive with, to leave with, and whose presence is to be counted upon at any moment of the afternoon.

In the country, however, a family party of girls can go to large garden parties without being chaperoned by anyone older than themselves, only that their relatives for their own pleasure usually do accompany them.

As regards indoor gatherings, again the need of chaperonage is decided by the nature of the function. Two sisters can chaperon each other in a small afternoon at home, or to a small dinner party to which girls are invited without their mothers, or to a dance given for girls to which chaperons are not invited; but to the larger at homes, smart dinner parties and large balls, chaperonage of some kind is considered imperative other than that of a hostess.

Formerly all invitations, socially speaking, were issued in the name of a girl's mother, but now a girl issues invitations in her own name when a party is given distinctly for her own friends apart from those of her mother; girls and young men—she asks them to luncheon, to dinner, to afternoon or evening parties, to one and all when given under these conditions.

Now that so many clubs allow their members to invite ladies to luncheon, dinner or tea, and so many ladies' clubs admit of invitations being given to men, it follows that a good deal of hospitality is offered on both sides, but it is thoroughly understood that on these occasions a married lady acts as chaperon to the girls, whether they are guests or hostesses, and that two young sisters or two girl friends would not be considered chaperon sufficient for each other at men's clubs or at bachelor's chambers or flats.

It need hardly be said that girls—that is, girls who have seen some 20 summers—are frequently invited to country house parties without any chaperon, the hostess taking charge of them for the time being, and perhaps takes them to race meetings or to balls and dances during their stay.

Bicycling parties and picnics are not considered occasions when her chaperonage is required, as a party of ladies are chaperons sufficient in themselves.

It goes without saying that girls under these elastic conditions have opportunities of encouraging their admirers that are not given to them when under the supervision of a chaperon—a mother or a married sister.

A walk before breakfast in the grounds in the company of one of the young men of the party, distancing the members of a bicycling party and arriving at the house in advance to enjoy a tete-a-tete stroll before dinner to the same company, or descending to the drawing-room after a hurried dressing for a quarter of an hour's philandering with him before the other guests are likely to appear, are some of the little wiles and little ways that a hostess is not aware of, but which would not escape the maternal eye when practiced by these fair maidens.

This brings us to the question of at what age young ladies may set up housekeeping together without the presence of a chaperon; it is a difficult one to decide out of hand, as circumstances have much to do with it.

Girls and young women who are obliged to enter the ranks as workers and to study for various professions, and for this purpose are compelled to live alone in flats, chambers, or clubs unchaperoned by any female relatives, are outside of this question, and they must depend upon themselves to act wisely and discreetly without counsel or countenance from those older than themselves, bearing in mind there is no criticism so keen and so cruel as that of men who would lead them to do unconventional things.—London Queen.

The Joy of Self-Reliance.

To lose this joy is one of the greatest losses that can come to a human soul. Parents frequently make the great blunder of bringing up their children so shielded from the sense of responsibility and care that, when they are matured physically, they are as little fitted for the great and serious work of life as a flock of butterflies would be. To do that is to rob and beggar a child. Everyone has a right to the joy that comes from an honest pull at his own load; a right to the self-respecting gladness and pride which is the experience of everyone who bares his shoulder to his burden and carries it off like a man, with eyes in the air, and steady step. No man ever carries his burden that way, no woman ever faces the burdens of her life in such a spirit, without finding unexpected compensations.—Housewife.

A Turkish Dish.

Boil one pint of tomatoes with one onion sliced, two sprigs of parsley, three cloves and three pepper corns for 15 minutes. Strain this; wash two-thirds of a cupful of rice, put it into one quart of boiling water, put the strained tomato into a double boiler, add the rice, one cupful of stock or water, one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Steam one hour or until the rice is tender, then add three tablespoonfuls of butter in very small pieces; let them rest on the top; do not stir. Remove the cover, place a towel over, let stand ten minutes. Serve as a vegetable or as a border around a curry of meat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



'Coverlet,' etc., by S. S. McClure.

"It's all right, of course, but a man has to be careful. Once let the mob know where we are and what we've found and we'd be overrun in no time."

As luck would have it Hank Bowers chose this instant, when Tarbox was examining the papers, to throw a look of ferocious triumph on the mate. Although neither of them noticed the fact, Joe Tarbox raised his eyes just then, and to a man of his training nothing more was needed to put him on his guard.

He cast a keen look at Bowers, and as if his scrutiny had been satisfactory, he dropped his eyes again, but there was a little hardening of the muscles about his jaw, and with a careless twist of his body he brought his weapon nearer his hand.

He was too old a hand, however, to make any outward sign of alarm, and said, coolly:

"It's a pity you didn't pick up the other Avery at Dyea. He ought to be there by this time."

"And how can we find your partner?" asked Bowers.

"Do just as the letter says," replied Tarbox. "Build a fire and he'll see the smoke and come. The route is too crooked to describe."

"How long alone you'll be back with the grub? We've got a good lot here, but you can't hev too much."

"It'll take me three days to get in and two or three more to get what I want. If I can't find horses I shall have to go to Skagway. I shan't be back under a fortnight or three weeks at the best."

After finishing his pipe, Tarbox pleaded fatigue, and rolled himself up in his blanket. But there was no sleep for him that night. The sinister look on Bowers' face had given him the clew he wanted, and as he waited patiently for daylight he muttered to himself:

"That was a close shave! There is something wrong about that sailor, if his company is anything to go by. If this Bowers isn't the man I saw driven out of Joe Ladue's station for stealing, then I'm mistaken. Dick will be all right. They may make all the fires they want to, and that's all the good it'll do them. I'll just bring back two or three men of the right sort with me. There's no other way."

At the first sign of daylight he was astir. A hasty meal was soon eaten, and, shaking hands cordially with both men, he said:

"Tell Dick I'll be back as soon as I can. You can't miss the trail."

Then he struck out manfully on the back track to Dyea, leaving the plotters standing in front of their tent, exulting.

CHAPTER IX.

JOINING FORCES.

Tom and his party camped the first night about 30 miles from Dyea. The next morning they were early astir and continued their journey. The young girl was too full of life and spirits to ride quietly at her father's side, and Tom had several long chats with her as they wound their way along the faintly-marked trail.

She confided to him that she did not remember her mother, who died when she was very young. She had always lived in Wisconsin with her father, and was an only child. She refused to be left behind on the present occasion, she said, and it was very apparent she ruled her father in most things.

In return Tom described his life at home, and the young girl listened with breathless interest to the story of the voyage and his adventure at San Francisco.

She was riding by his side late in the afternoon when suddenly she pointed to the summit of a hill not far ahead, and exclaimed:

"See! There's a man coming this way!"

She had scarcely spoken when the second mate announced the same fact. As for Tom, he would not have seen an army just at that time, for under compulsion the statement that he was already hopelessly in love with his fair companion, and paid but little attention to other things.

Five minutes later Joe Tarbox had met them, and Tom accosted him at once with:

"How are you! Bound for Dyea?"

"That's just it," was the response as the man ran his eyes rapidly over the liberal outfit with an appreciative glance. "Where might you be heading?"

"We're going toward Fort Selkirk," said Tom.

"Going down the river to Dawson?"

"It's hard to tell where we'll fetch up," replied the young man evasively.

"Did you meet anyone on this trail lately?" asked Avery, pushing forward. The man hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Well, yes, I did meet two men yesterday. Friends of yours?"

"What were they like?" asked Tom.

"One was a tall chap that I think I've seen at the river stations, and the other was a sailor. He said he was, and he looked it. He was stout built, with a nose that looked as if it was broken some time. He—"

"Obed Rider!"

"It's the mate!"

The exclamations broke simultaneously from Tom and Green, while the stranger looked at them in surprise, and added:

"That wasn't the name he gave me. He said his name was Tom Scott."

"By thunder! We're on the right

course," shouted Green, while Tom could only gasp:

"Tom Scott! That's my name!"

The man looked at them a moment in blank astonishment, and then a light evidently seemed to break on his mind, for he turned and looked sharply at Avery and asked:

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Certainly. My name is William Avery."

The other man stepped up to him at once and extended one of his hands, palm downward, on the middle finger of which was a heavy gold ring with a curious device in the back.

"If that is your name, you can tell me the history of this ring," he said, looking Avery full in the face.

"I surely ought to be able to," was the reply, while the others looked on in surprise at the little scene being enacted so unexpectedly before them.

"I gave it to Dick Taylor in California a good many years ago. You must be the man he mentioned in his letter to me. You are Joe Tarbox, or you wouldn't have that ring."

"Right you are," was the hearty response, "and I'm mighty glad to see



you. Can you vouch for these two men? Is this really the Scott your brother mentioned in his will?"

"What do you know about his will?" demanded Tom, blankly.

"Because I've seen it."

"Seen it! I was robbed of it in 'Frisco—"

"The mate must have shown it to him!" broke in Green. "I knew I was right all the time!"

The questions now flew thick and fast and soon Tarbox was made aware of the true state of affairs. Tom showed him the identification he had brought from San Francisco, which removed the last lingering doubt, but their new acquaintance was determined to take no chances. He maintained a discreet silence in regard to the mine and its exact location, declaring that until his partner had seen and acknowledged the party he was not at liberty to reveal any of the secrets.

At length Avery said, abruptly:

"But you are not going to Dyea now? We have supplies enough here to feed our party and you two besides for the next year. You must come back with us. We ought to hurry as fast as we can with those two scoundrels ahead of us. They may catch Dick with the papers they've got. How can he tell but what they are all straight?"

Tarbox chuckled grimly as he replied:

"They won't find him. You'll understand better when you get there. Dick will know the tallest galoot the moment he sets his eyes on him. We've both seen him before. The sailor picked out just the man to queer him with, Dick. If it wasn't for that I might feel a little bit uneasy, but it's all right. I tell you, Dick Taylor is no tenderfoot. We might as well camp for the night. It'll soon be dark. If all this stuff is grub there's enough to feed the whole Klondike country."

He was firm in his refusal to proceed further that day, and, in fact, by the time the loads had been removed from the horses and the animals cared for the sun had disappeared. The tents were soon pitched and after supper and a friendly chat the entire party stretched themselves on their rude couches and were soon asleep.

An early start was made the following morning, and, three days later, as they reached the top of a long hill, Tarbox pointed to a white cliff a few miles to the north and said:

"There is where the trail branches off to our place. It's only about 25 or 30 miles then. We'd better push ahead and see if we can't make it before dark."

An hour later they reached the landmark. Tom could not see any sign of a trail in the direction in which Tarbox turned his horse's head, but after a moment the latter pointed to a spot where the marks of hoofs were plainly to be seen and said coolly:

"Our two friends managed to find their way, I see."

He had not uttered a threat against the men who had tried to deceive him, but Tom felt certain there would be a day of reckoning in the near future. There was an air of resolution about their guide which is only gained by contact with danger in its various forms.

"Push the horses along," said Tarbox. "We shan't want all of them after to-day. Maybe we shan't want them at all. We can't keep them where we are going."

"But there's plenty of meat on their bones," said Tom.

"We won't need it."

Tarbox was apparently determined not to explain himself and the subject was dropped. Mile after mile was rapidly traversed, for the country was comparatively open, and even the pack horses could trot at times. Still the guide showed no sign of pausing, and at last the sun was dipping behind the horizon. Then he suddenly turned to the left around a huge boulder toward

which they had been traveling for some time, and the rest saw directly in front of them the summits of two lofty hills, the gorge between them being densely wooded about half way up on either side.

The tops were still crowned with snow, upon which the setting sun shone its crimson rays until they seemed bathed in blood.

For some distance on the left of the travelers extended a perpendicular cliff fully a hundred feet high and accessible only to the birds. On the right the ascent was more gradual, but the trees were very dense until the snow line was reached.

Tarbox led the way among the boulders at the foot of the cliff until he came to an open spot. Then he dismounted and said:

"We are here. Now for a fire."

Tom was about to go for fuel, when he saw Tarbox reach behind a rock and bring out a handful of dry twigs and moss, which he soon kindled. When the blaze shot up he covered it with damp moss, and the result was a dense column of smoke which went curling up the face of the cliff until it showed distinctly against the sky above.

The other men busied themselves with the usual routine work of camping, but Tarbox stood by the fire in silence for fully ten minutes. An anxious look began to appear on his face, but suddenly he gave a little exclamation of relief as a pebble struck him on the shoulder and rebounded to the ground.

"I'll be back in a minute," he called to Avery's daughter, who was nearest to him. Then he disappeared behind one of the rocks.

Like a shadow he glided along in the gathering darkness, twisting and turning without hesitation until he stopped at a spot where the base of the cliff was covered with scrub and moss. With a hasty glance about him, as if to be certain no one was watching him, he stooped and pulled aside a mass of clinging creepers from the rock, revealing a narrow opening some three feet wide and extending upwards to an unknown height.

"All right, Dick," he whispered, softly, and then came a rustling noise as a man appeared from the dark cavity and grasped his hand warmly.

CHAPTER X.

RUN DOWN AT LAST.

"What brought you back so quick?" said the newcomer, in a low tone. "I wasn't looking for any signal, and was just going to turn in when I happened to see the smoke. Why have you brought with you?"

"One of the Averages is with me," was the reply. "It's a long story, Dick. I met him on the way. Come and take a peep at him, and make sure. I haven't told him anything that'll hurt us, but there is no doubt he is the right party. Come on, but keep out of sight till you are sure."

As he spoke he retraced his steps to the fire, the other following close behind him, until he was able to peer cautiously around a rock and obtain a good look at the party. Then, with a shout, he sprang forward and seized Avery's hand, exclaiming:

"Bill, old man! Shake! Where's John?"

Avery clasped his hand warmly, but did not reply for a moment, and the two old friends silently noted the changes which the years had made in each other. Many had passed since they met, and as they stood there, looking into each other's eyes, with the light from the fire flickering upon their rugged features, to each it seemed that they were back in the old days, when their blood was hotter than now, and their hair innocent of the gray with which both heads were liberally sprinkled.

Taylor was first to recover himself, and he repeated:

"Where's John? Didn't he—"

"Poor John is dead," interrupted the other, sadly. "He died on the ship he was coming on from Boston and was buried at sea. This young man saved him from drowning, but he was hurt internally when he fell overboard and never got over it."

"John dead!"

That was all, but the hands of the two men gripped harder for a moment, and both understood. No words of sympathy could have conveyed more meaning.

Tarbox now stepped forward and made his partner acquainted with the other members of the party. Then he said:

"It's too dark to try to get up to the camp to-night. We shall have to stay here till morning, Dick. There's a long story to tell, and I wish we were safe out of sight now. Have you seen any smoke before?"

"Smoke? What do you mean? Who would be doing that? All the people who know our signal are here now."

"Not by a long sight, they ain't," was the reply, as Tarbox tried to pierce the darkness about them, which was intense by this time.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's a long story, Dick. In the first place, we might as well get a bite of supper, and then Scott here will tell you all about his trip on the vessel and what happened to him. I'll finish the yarn, and then you'll understand just how the thing stands."

This was sound advice, and his partner made no objection, but he was burning with impatience, and could hardly wait till the frugal repast was swallowed. Then he exclaimed:

"Now, let's have the story. There's a good deal depending on it. Come, Scott, fire away."

Tom at once began a detailed account of his acquaintance with the old miner, and when he had concluded the story Tarbox added his meeting with the two men who had showed him the papers, adding:

"If I'd ever suspected the truth, Dick, I'd put a spoke in their wheel somehow. One of them is that tall scamp we saw hustled out of Ladue's. I didn't recog-

nize him at first, but when I saw him tipping the wink to the sailor on the sly, I began to smell a rat."

"But where are they?" burst out Taylor, excitedly. "You say they were ahead of us. Where are they now?"

"That's what makes me uneasy," replied his partner. "We saw their tracks back by the white cliff and they turned off all right. We were too busy hurrying to look for them any more. I suppose they have got off the track somehow, but if they should see our fire there might be trouble. We must stand a watch to-night. If we can get everything out of sight before they get here they'll never be the wiser. They can't find us in a hundred years."

His partner evidently shared his uneasiness, for he responded quickly:

"Perhaps they won't, but we mustn't take any chances. I'll take the first watch and you the second. We are more used to this sort of thing, you know. We'll keep the fire down low. It isn't very cold."

The rest of the party now retired, Avery and his daughter occupying one tent and the three younger men the other, while Dick Taylor loosened his revolver in his belt, made sure that each cartridge was in place, and then took up his post in the dark shadow of a huge rock where no ray of light could betray his presence to a watcher.

Soon not a sound was to be heard but the low murmur of his companions' voices as they discussed the situation, then these died out, and a chorus of snores testified to the soundness of their slumber.

Hour after hour passed until it was fully midnight. Then the miner entered the tent where his partner was sleeping and said his hand lightly on his shoulder.

In an instant the sleeper was wide awake, and a moment later the two were outside.

"Hear anything?" asked Tarbox softly.

"No," replied the other, "but somehow I feel uncomfortable. I never had this feeling yet but what there was sure to be trouble ahead. I wish it was daylight. Keep out of sight as much as you can, Joe. I didn't say much before the rest, but I believe that scoundrel we saw at Ladue's place would think nothing of shooting a man in the back if he had any cause to do it. It's a pity this all happened. We might have all got as much as we wanted before anyone found out about it. Now there's no telling what may happen."

Five minutes later he was asleep, and Tarbox was standing sentry over the silent camp.

It was nearly daybreak when he replenished the fire, for the air grew very chilly. Soon a gray streak appeared in the southeast, and as Tom came out of his tent the sun was just rising over the rolling land over which they had traveled the day before.

The rest of the party were soon awake, and Taylor said at once:

"I believe we have not been seen yet, but we must get out of sight before breakfast. Joe, turn the horses loose and start them off. The rest of us will begin to pack in the stuff."

He grasped a heavy package as he spoke, and the others followed his example. When they reached the face of the cliff he paused and said, solemnly:

"I am going to show you a wonderful secret. All I want is your word that you will never reveal it until I give you permission. Will you promise this?"

His three companions readily gave their promise, and looked curiously about them.

Their guide stepped up to the rocky wall and carefully pushed aside the mass of moss and creepers, disclosing to their wondering gaze the same aperture from which he had issued the previous night. Looking inside, they could see that for several feet the rock overhead was unbroken, forming an arch like a doorway at the height of some seven or eight feet, but the light which showed beyond was apparently from above.

Taylor led the way with his burden after looping the creepers to one side to

prevent them from being torn away. A few steps brought them beyond the arch of rock, and a simultaneous exclamation of astonishment broke from all the men.

They found themselves standing at the bottom of a deep chasm in the solid rock. On either side of them the walls rose perpendicularly to the height of some 50 feet as smoothly as if chiseled by human agency. Far above them a narrow strip of blue sky would like a ribbon, and in front, at a distance of a few yards, a sharp curve in the rocky way shut off all further view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Newspaper For Sale.

The only newspaper in a natural gas town of 800 to 1000 inhabitants. Reason for selling, owner has a larger plant in another locality and cannot be both. Address this office.

Having bought the Tudor stock of goods it will be to your interest to come in and get our prices before going elsewhere. Morrison & Gilham.

Don't you count me?" pouted Clara.

Don't you count me?" pouted Clara.

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